



TOM THUMB'S Maxim in Trade and Politics.

He who buys this Book for a *Penny*, and lays it up till it is worth *Two-pence*, may get an *Hundred per Cent.* that is, *One half*, by the *Bargain*: But let him take Care that he gets *Money honestly*; for he that *cheats another*, *cheats himself*, and instead of *gaining* *shall lose double*.

There is no Treasure like Honesty, and no Gain like a good Conscience.

2015 2
T O M T H U M B ' s
F O L I O ;
O R , A N E W
P E N N Y P L A Y - T H I N G
F O R
L I T T L E G I A N T S .

To which is prefixed,
A n A B S T R A C T o f
T h e L I F E o f M r . T H U M B ,
A N D

An Historical Account of the
W O N D E R F U L D E E D S h e p e r f o r m e d .

Together with
S o m e A N E C D O T E S r e s p e c t i n g
G R U M B O t h e G r e a t G I A N T .

L O N D O N :

Printed for the People of all Nations; and
sold by T. CARNAN, Successor to Mr. J.
NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
1796.

[Price One Penny.]

C H A P. I.

The LIFE of TOM THUMB.

MR. *Thomas Thumb* was the Son of Mr. *Theophilus Thumb*, of *Thumb Hall*, in *Northumberland*. He was born the very Year in which Sir *Walter Raleigh* lost his Life for serving his Country, and in which People were so frightened that they have not cared to enter into that Service since. At the Time of his Birth the Sun was eclipsed; which 'tis supposed, stunted his Growth, and made him almost invisible. His Father was greatly disconcerted at having such a little tiny Toy of a Child, and his Mother too forgot her Duty, and took but little Notice of him till a very learned Gentleman looked at him through a great Pair of Spectacles, and told the Parents, that he would be a very little Man, and a very great Man; which is a Paradox, or Riddle, we are to solve by-and-by.

When his Father heard this he took him up upon his little Finger, and chirped to him as a Boy does to a Bird; and his Mother wrapp'd him up in a Piece of Cotton, put him into a Thimble instead of a Cradle, and carried him about in her warm Pocket.

C H A P. II.

Now Tom became a greater Man than his Mother.

BEFORE we attempt to prove this, we must enquire what makes a great Man. Is it a great Head? No. Is it a long leg? No. Is it a big Body? No. Is it a large Leg? No. But I'll tell you what it is, It is a wise Head and a good Heart that constitutes a great Man. It is Wisdom and Virtue, and that only, which can make us great and happy. A great Brute, or a great Bear, or a great Blockhead, may be made by other Means; but a great Man cannot be formed without Wisdom and Virtue, which are the only two Sources of Honour and Esteem, and will always make us beloved and admired.

This was said by the Gentleman with the great Pair of Spectacles, to Tom's Father, who immediately bought for his Son all Mr. Newbery's little Books, having been informed, that they were published with no other View, but to make People wise and good; and Tom read from the Beginning to the End, first one Volume, and then another, till he had made himself Master of the whole.

C H A P. III.

Such is the Father, such is the Son.

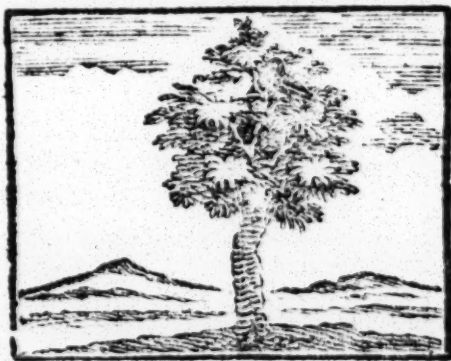
AS Tom's Father had been at *London*, served in the Train-Bands, and performed many Feats of Valour, both in *Whitechapel* and *Burhill* Fields, he would have his Son become a Warrior also. In which, I think, he was to blame; for one of his Figure would have made a better Physician, as his diminutive Size might permit him to slide down a Patient's Throat, and see what was the Matter within, for Want of which Intelligence such great Mistakes are often made, that those who would get the better of a Disorder frequently die of the Doctor. *Tom*, however, was to be a Warrior, and therefore his Mother made him a Sword of a small Needle, a Helmet of a Hazel Nut-shell, and a Coat of Mail of a Mouse's Ear; of which he was so fond, that he always went armed, and on that Account the Neighbours first called him Captain *Thumb*, then Colonel *Thumb*, and at last obtained the Name of General.

C H A P. IV.

A Sad Disaster.

THE great People, as well as the little, are subject to Misfortunes, from which
 not.

neither Arms nor Honours can protect them. Goody *Thumb* being one Day in a Hurry, and unable to dress any Thing for her Son's Dinner, gave him a Piece of a Hog's Sweet bread, and bid him carry it to the Bake house to be dressed. *Tom* put it on his Head, and as he was trudging along, this Rogue of a Raven,



who had been long about the Village and was half tame, and half wild, mistaking both *Tom* and his Meat for a Piece of Carrion, trussed him up in his Claws, and flew with him to the Nest, where he and his black Sweetheart soon dispatched the Meat, but left poor *Tom*, laid along by the side of their

Eggs, in a terrible Fright, and almost perished with Hunger. Tom's Wit, however, soon relieved him from this Distress; for, perceiving that both the Ravens were flown to the next Tree, and were there gossiping with others of their Companions, he slyly run his Sword into one of the Raven's Eggs, on that Side which lay downwards, and clapping his Mouth to the Place, he sucked it, and made a most delicious Repast.

C H A P. V.

How Tom traveled down the Tree and what happened to him on the Road.

AFTER a few Days Tom saw with Concern, that his Stock of Food greatly decreased, and that when all the Eggs were gone he should be in Danger of starving; and every one knows, it must be a sad Thing to be starved upon the Top of such a high Tree; he therefore watched every Opportunity of making his Escape; and one Day, when there was but one Egg left, and the Ravens were gone out for Food, he put the Egg in his Pocket, opposite the Sword Side, and clambering over the Nest, let himself down from Branch to Branch, till the Bark of the Tree became rough enough for him

him to lay hold of it, and then clung by Degrees down the Body; but in his Progress he had like to have been overfet, for the Side where the Egg lay was abundantly too heavy for the other, and almost weighed him down. Tired and fatigued, however, he at last came to a large Limb, where there was a Squirrel's Nest, and there he crept in for Shelter, and took up his Lodging for that Night.

The young Squirrels liked his Company very well; but when old Goody Scugg came Home she seemed very angry, and as Gaffer Scugg entered the Door, told him what had happened. Old Scugg bounced about a good deal; but when he saw Tom Pull the Egg out of his Pocket, and found that he did not intend to feast on their Food, he became easy, and they all sat down and supped together.

In the Morning Tom arose with the Sun, as every good Boy should do, and having killed the young Squirrels, he set out on his Journey, travelling still on the rough Bark till almost Night; when as it rained very hard, he crept for Shelter into a Wren's Nest. The poor Wren was very much alarmed on seeing so formidable a Fellow enter her Dwelling, which was then full of young ones; and as Tom had

too much Humanity to disturb a whole Family and make them miserable, he left the poor distressed Mother, and took up his Lodging on a Bough under the Nest, where he was well sheltered from the Rain.

Again in the Morning he set out with the Sun, and travelling hard, arrived at the Bottom of the Tree about Noon, where he was attacked by an Humble Bee, with whom he fought a most desperate Battle. What the Drone took him for, is hard to say, but he perched on a Shrub by the Root of the Tree, raised his grizly Beard, and attacked our Hero full in the Face. *Tom* received the Blow with that Undauntedness which true Courage only can inspire, and drawing his Sword, returned the Blow with the most intrepid Resolution. Those, and those only who have read *Homer's* Battles, or the History of ancient Tournaments, can form to themselves a just Idea of the Conflict, and tell how the Thunder of their Arms re echoed from the distant Hills. *Tom* was victorious. He slew the Bee, which to him appeared dreadful as a Dragon, and was fanning himself with the Flap of his Coat when Esquire *Bugle*, one of his Father's Friends, rode by from Hunting. *Tom* hailed him but the Esquire was at too great a Distance to hear him :
How-

However, one of the Hounds, which *Tom* knew, making up to him, he laid hold of his Ear sprung upon his Back, and rode Home to his disconsolate Father and Mother, who received him with great Joy.

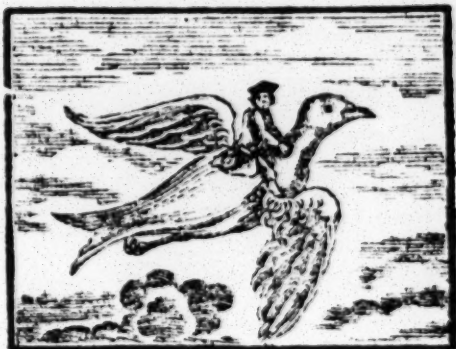
C H A P. VI.

A great Action.

IT has been observed, and with great Truth, that Historians, and the Biographers, or Writers of Lives, are generally partial, and lean to the one Side or the other, as they are influenced by Party, or have been prejudiced by Education; but we are above all that: While we have the Actions of others under Consideration we are to behave as Citizens of the World, and pay no particular Regard to any Party, Persuasion or Country whatsoever. And this we intend as an Apology for our presuming to relate the following Exploit of *Tom Thumb* without declaring whether he was a *Whig* or a *Tory*. It is impossible that both these may be good, though it has been maliciously said, that one of them *put nothing in a Box for the other to find it*. But, leaving all Party and Folly to Madmen and Fools, let us proceed with our History.

Tom Thumb's Reputation being firmly established at Home, he determined to travel into foreign

foreign Parts, to see if he could find a Nation where there were more Fools than in his own. He was for a long Time doubtful what Part he should first visit. He consulted his Friends on this Occasion, who generally advised him to sail to the Kingdom of Cuckows. He took their Advice in Part, but not in the Whole, for knowing that a Ship would be a long Time sailing to that very distant Country, and considering, at the same Time, that a Philosopher might travel without Baggage, and live upon his Brains, he placed himself in a Bird's Nest, at a Time when the Cuckows were hoarse, and about to leave the Country, and laying hold of a strong one, which came to suck the Eggs, he mounted on its Back, and rode through the Air and over the Seas at a surprizing Rate.



We must observe that *Tom* like a dutiful Child, consulted both his Father and Mother about this Method of Traveling, who objected to it, and said, that nothing could be learned by flying through a Country. As much, quoth *Tom*, as by galloping through a Country, which is the modern Mode of traveling; and therefore after kissing them and receiving their Blessing, he set off.

He had comforted and fed the Cuckow, as well as he could, with a Powder which his Mother put into his Pocket to serve him as Food; but the poor Bird grew so weak, at the Time he arrived in his own Country, that he fell down; and our Hero, by endeavouring,

to

to save himself, plunged into a large Mess of Milk Porridge, which was intended for the Giant *Grumbo*, who was then King of the Country. The Giant muttered a few Words with a Growl, which made the Vallies ring. it was so loud and dreadful; and then taking Mr. *Thumb* up in his Spoon, threw him out of the Bowl, but not till *Tom* had first taken a Sup or two of the Broth. He lay for some Time by the Giant's Leg, where he observed all his Actions; and finding that he pulled Bread out of his Pocket to crumb his Mess, *Tom* slyly crept up his Coat as he was sitting down, and got into his Pocket, where he feasted himself for several Days, taking Care, whenever the Giant put his Hand in his Pocket, to hide behind his Snuff-Box; and whenever the Giant slept, *Tom* got Liquor out of his Can. In the Course of his Residence here, *Tom* grew so hardy, that he would frequently peep out of the Giant's Pocket when he found him about a bad Action, and after giving him a Goad with his Sword, would boldly call out, *Sirrah! what are you at there, Sirrah?* and then pop in his Head, and hide behind the Snuff Box as usual. The Giant not only missed his Bread, but found something instead thereof which he did not like; for *Tom* who had conveyed all the Food among the Linings of the Folds, where he had Room to
range,

range, made use of the Pocket for another Purpose, which was not altogether fair, but he could not help it.

Tom continued in this Situation till he had discovered the Giant's Disposition, which he found was very bad; for he had a heavy Head and a hard Heart, he was proud, selfish, surly, and so tyrannical and cruel, that his Subjects were afraid to come near him. *Tom* knew there would be no traveling the Country with Safety till he had broken the Spirit of this turbulent Giant, and reduced him to better Manners; he therefore would never suffer him to rest, but whenever he began to sleep, pricked him with his little Sword, so that, after some Time, he was so weak for want of Rest, that he could not walk. He kept him in this State till he had learned the Language of the Country; and then, as he lay in Bed, *Tom* got upon his Breast, and thus addressed him, "Are you inclined, oh *Grumbo*, to live or to die; If you would live, you must take my Advice, and behave with Humanity and Kindness to all your Subjects and to me; but if you would rather die than be good, do so, for nobody will be sorry for you." The Giant, who had never seen *Tom* before but in his Meis of Porridge, trembled with Amazement; and thinking that he fell from the Moon, to punish his Iniquities, begged that he might
live

live to make Amends for his bad Behaviour. Then sleep, says *Tom*, and I will see you again. So from this Time, *Tom* left off goading him with his little Sword, and he soon recovered. After this he was very fond of Mr. *Tbumb*, and would do nothing without him; so that *Tom* had, in a Manner, the whole Direction of the Kingdom and made all the People happy, by a fair and equal Distribution of Justice; and for that Purpose he rode in Pomp, in a Coach drawn by ten Squirrels, all round the Kingdom, and wrote a particular Account of the Country and the Inhabitants, their Laws, Customs, and Manners; which we are told, will soon be revised and published. To avoid putting the Inhabitants to any Expence on this Journey, he carried his Provisions with him in the Coach, as Travelers do in *Spain*, and ordered his Squirrels to draw him every Night up a Tree where they all lodged safely, and without either Trouble or Expence.

In this Journey, *Tom* sat as a Judge in most Places he came to, and commanded the Criminals, and those who had quarreled, to come before him that he might try the one and decide the Differences of the other, without Favour or Affection. Among other Causes, I remember a rich Man was brought before him and accused of not giving any Relief to the
Poor,

Poor in the late hard Season. Upon which, Tom ordered him to eat out of the Hutch, among his own Hogs, till his Head and Heart were humanized, and he had learned to feel the Misfortunes of others.

On his return to Court, he was admired and applauded both by King and People, for they had all heard of his wife and good Behaviour in the Country; and Grumbo made him a Present of a *Flamsham* of Gold, and gave him his Daughter in Marriage; who, though she was a Giantess, loved little Tom, and always carried him about in her Bosom; nor is it a Wonder, for we find the Patagonian Women were fond of our Sailors, though they were not half so big as their own Countrymen.

Tom lived happily with this gigantic Wife for many Years, and then died greatly lamented both by King and People, who erected a splendid Monument to his Memory.

TOM THUMB'S FOLIO.

In composing the History of **TOM THUMB**, we forgot to relate one Circumstance, which gave the Giant King and all his Court a great Inclination to become acquainted with Letters and modern Learning.

There was at this Time, in the Cuckow Court, a Natural Philosopher, who never knew the Use of Letters, yet was wise, and ingenious. Him Mr. *Thumb* taught to read and write, in order that he might correspond with him when he traveled; and, on a certain Time, when he had occasion to visit the extreme Parts of his Father's Kingdom, with his Wife the Princess, who was then big with Child, he took some Pigeons with him, which had been bred by this Philosopher, in order to convey the most speedy Intelligence to his Father's Court of what might happen to them on the Journey. Now it came to pass, that when they were ninety five Thousand Miles from Home, his Princess was brought to bed of two bouncing Boys, nine Hundred Times as big as himself; upon which he dispatched a Pigeon with a Note tied round her Leg, directed to his Friend the Philosopher, to inform his Father of that important Affair. *Domine Doodle*, for that was the Philosopher's Name,

Name, carried it immediately to the King, and told him, that his Daughter was brought to-bed of *Gog* and *Magog*, two great Princes. Where are they? said the Giant, greatly rejoiced at the Event. Ninety-five Thousand Miles off, answered the Philosopher. And how came you by the News? said his Majesty. From that great Prince *Tom Thumb* himself, replied the other, and threw the Letter on the Table. The King was greatly astonished, and taking up the Letter surveyed it, but could not understand a Syllable, nor did he believe a Word that was said to him; but thinking it an Imposition, he gave such an angry Roar, that he shook all the Glafs out of the Windows. However, he dispatched nineteen fleet Horsemen, ten Chariots, twenty Trumpeters, and a Kettle drummer, to enquire into the Affair; and finding it true, and seeing the Princess enter the Palace soon after



with *Gog* in one Arm and *Magog* in the other, and *Tom Thumb* dancing a Jig before them, he was both delighted and surprized; and taking *Mr. Thumb* upon his little Finger, he asked him, how it was possible for him to talk to his Friends, and make himself understood, at the Distance of ninety-five Thousand Miles. *Tom* let him into the whole Affair, which gave his Majesty such an high Opinion of Letters and Learning, that he desired *Mr. Thumb* would draw up some Lessons for his Instruction: and here they are

LEARNED LESSONS.

Composed for the Instruction of the great Giant in the Kingdom of Cuckows, and may be read by all the little Giants upon Earth.

The GREAT LETTER Lesson.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z.

The LITTLE LETTER Lesson.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z.

These two Lessons are the Ground-work of all Learning: for, with the above Letters only, a wise Man may spell all the Words in the World.

The VOWEL Lesson.

Of these, the following Letters are called Vowels; namely,

a e i o u

and sometimes y and w; but these two are Vowels only when they supply the Place of i and u. These Letters are called Vowels because they express a Sound of themselves, and because no Syllable, or Word, can be spelt without one or more of them.

The SYLLABLE Lesson.

A Syllable is either a small Word, or a Part of a larger Word; or it may contain only one Letter, if it be a Vowel. In some Words there are seven or eight Syllables, and there are some that contain but one Syllable, as *Top*, *Ball*, &c. And here you must observe, that there are as many Syllables in a Word as there

are distinct Sounds: When, therefore, you would divide a Word into Syllables, you must in general so divide it, as to make as many Sounds as you can, by running over all the Letters in a Syllable by their Sounds till they come into one Sound; for the Letters in every Syllable will all unite together, and form but one distinct Sound, which will take up no more Time in pronouncing, or speaking, than that of a single Letter. Some Letters, however, have different Sounds in different Words, or according to their Place or Situation in Words; and these may be learned from Mr. NEWBERRY'S Spelling Books, or from a Master.

The WORD Lesson.

Words, as we observed before, are made of one or more Letters, or one or more Syllables; for *I* is a Word, as well as *Strength*, though the first contains but one Letter, and the last eight: And *Multiplication* is but one Word, though it contains five Syllables, or, as some People divide it, six.

The SENTENCE Lesson.

As Letters make Syllables, and Syllables Words, so Words form Sentences; each of which contains a greater or less Number of Words, in Proportion to the Quantity of
Matter

Matter which is to be expressed. As for Example, *This Book*, is a Sentence. So *this is a very pretty little Book, and a good Book*, is no more than a Sentence.

RELIGIOUS and MORAL LESSONS.

The first Lesson to be Good.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy Heart, with all thy Soul, and with all thy Strength.

The second Lesson to be Good.

Thou shalt love thy Neighbours and all People as well as thou lovest thyself, and do unto all Men as you would have all Men do unto you.

The Third Lesson to be Good.

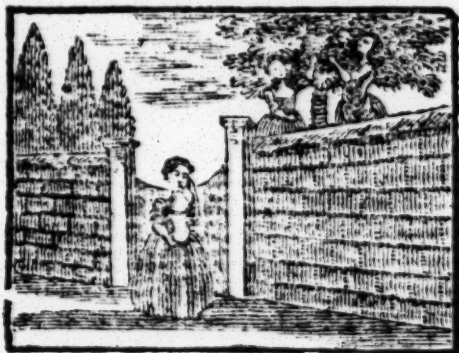
Thou shalt love thyself, and take Care to preserve thy Life and thy Health; and to do that you must not be idle, nor over-sfond of Eating, or Drinking, or Sleeping, or of Pleasure; but employ yourself in some Sort of Labour, or Exercise, and live soberly, temperately, and chastely.

N. B. The first of these Lessons implies Piety, or your Duty to God; the second Charity, or your Duty to your Neighbour; and the third Sobriety, or your Duty to yourself: And this Love of God, of your Neighbour, and

of yourself, is the ultimate End, or Point, to which all Human Actions should be directed.

Honesty is the best Policy.

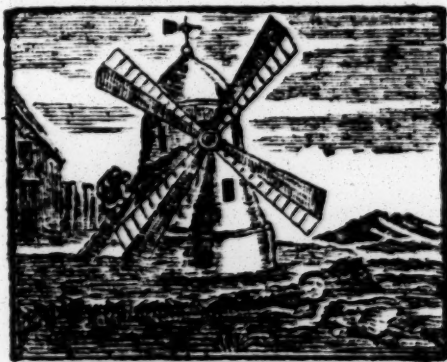
*When Tales are round the Country flown,
That any Girl don't know her own;
The People, to preserve their Store,
Thrust out the Thief, and shut the Door.*



There is nothing worth stealing; for Truth, Honesty, and Innocency, are above all Things. Yet there was a little Girl lived by Lady Simpson's, who could not keep her Fingers to herself; but whenever she went by her Ladyship's Garden and saw the Door open, run in and stole the Fruit. The Gardener knew that she was naughty;

ty; and one Day, when her Ladyship sent for the Children, to treat them with Cherries and Sweetmeats, he stood at the Door, and after all the rest were come in, he shut her out, saying to his Lady, "Madam, this is a naughty Girl, that steals Things out of the Garden, and I am sure you will not admit a Thief into the House." No, to be sure, said the Lady, let her go crying home, a naughty Jade, and learn to know, that *Honesty is the best Policy*.

Of taking our Parents Advice.



*The Boy who Counsel does despise,
And will not listen to the Wise,
But stubbornly pursues his Will,
May run his Nose against a Mill.*

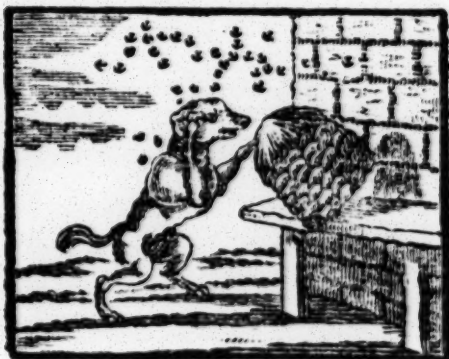
As *Wat Wilful*, a very naughty Boy, who would never take his Parents Advice, was playing by the Windmill, his Father called to him, "*Wat!* come away, Sirrah, or the Mill will beat you in Pieces." *Wilful* however did not regard his Father, but kept running about, till at last he got into the Way of the Mill, and was thrown with great Violence into the muddy Pond, where you now see him lie. Here the Rogue roared to some Purpose, and the People who stood by laughed at him. How come you there? says one. Oh! the Mill tossed me in, says *Wat*. Why did not you do as your Father bid you, and have played further from the Mill? says the Man; lie there, Sirrah, and learn to behave better. So nobody would help him out. At last the poor old Father came, and taking up the graceless Rogue, wiped the Mud off his Face and laid a good Stick upon his Back, that he might remember for the future, that it was his Duty and his Interest to take his Parents Advice.

The Fox and the Crow. A FABLE.

As wily *Reynard* view'd with wishful Eyes
 A Crow possess'd of a delicious Prize,
 Like a gay Courtier, with delusive Tongue,
 He prais'd her Voice, and begg'd one melting
 Song.

Proud to oblige, and thoughtless of the Cheat.
 She made the vain Attempt, and dropt her Meat.

The Flatterer's Art,
 Betrays the Heart.

The Dog and the BEE. A FABLE.

A Bee stung a Mastiff, and for the smart Action,
 He runs to the Hive and demands Satisfaction.
 While he's storming their Castle, around him
 there flies
 A whole army of Foes, who stung out his Eyes,

'Tis a Mischievous Job,
 To fight with a Mob.



On a pretty bay Nag
Here comes *Tommy Tag*,
Who ne'er knew Deceit,
Nor wou'd lie, nor wou'd cheat;
But was honest and good,
As all of you shou'd;
And listen'd, and learn'd when his Friends did
advise,
And so became wealthy, and happy, and wise.

F I N I S.

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